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MORE (5)

WORK

FOR THE

Popish Implements,

NAT. THOMPSON and the *OBSERVATOR*

SHEWING

How contradictory they are to themselves from what they were when the one publiſhed, and the other allowed this following Narrative of Sir *Edmondbury Godfrey's* Murder; which for the Satisfaction of all People we have here *Verbatim* Reprinted.

THose impudent Letters invented by ſome of the Jeſuitical Crew, and directed to Mr. *Prance*, publiſhed by *Nat. Thompſon*, and in ſome part juſtified by the *Observator*, two Popiſh Firebrings, have been ſeveral antyvs with Shame yet ſince *Nat. Thompſon* has with a Brazen Front publiſhed to the world in his Intelligence, that every Tittle or Iota of what was writ ſhall be made good before the Council. We have in the mean time printed this following Narrative, called by *Thompſon*, who printed and publiſhed it with Allowance of *A Diary of the perfect Relation of the horrid and bloody Murder committed upon the Body of Sir E. &c.*

A True and Perfect Narrative of the late Terrible and Bloody Murder of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, *who was found murdered on* Thurſday *the 27th. of this Inſtant* October, *in a Field near* Primroſe Hill. *With a full Account of the manner of his being Murdered, and in what manner he was found. As the full Proceedings of the Coroner, who ſate upon the Inqueſt, &c. With Allowance.*

SIR *Edmondbury Godfrey's* Death being the ſad Occaſion of this Narrative, and the Subject of moſt Peoples Diſcourſe, I ſhall (to prevent any falſe or fuppoſitious Stories that are uſually carried abroad about things of this Nature) give the Reader this true and impartial Account thereof.

On

On the 12th. of this instant *October*, being *Saturday*, about Nine of the Clock in the Morning, Sir *Edmondbury Godfrey* went out of his own House in *Green's Lane* in the Strand about his Occasions; and was seen not long after near *Marybone*, but then supposed to be going home, and was at one of the Church Wardens of the Parish of St. *Martin in the Fields*, about some business at twelve of the Clock the same day: But so it was, that he came not to his House that Night, according to his usual custom, nor gave any notice to his Servants of any business that he had to hinder his returning that night. And from that time, till *Tuesday* the 17th. of the same Month about Six a Clock at Night, no tidings could be heard of him (although all earnest and diligent Enquiries and Searches were made for him.) At which time his Body was found dead in a Ditch, upon the South side of *Primrose Hill Hampstead*. The occasion of his being found was this; One *Bromly* a Baker, and *Waters* a Farmer, both of the Parish of St. *Giles's in the Fields*, having an occasion to go to the House commonly called the *White House*, near *Primrose Hill*; and going over the Field where the Body of Sir *Edmondbury* lay, saw, as they thought, a Sword and Belt, and a Stick and a pair of Gloves lying together hard by the Hedge Side; but they went not near to meddle with them, supposing that they belonged to some person that was gone into the Ditch to ease himself. And when they came to the *White-house*, they told *John Rawson* (the man of the said House) that they had seen a Sword and Belt, and a pair of Gloves and Stick lie in that place: Whereupon *John Rawson* asked them, why they did not bring them thither? They told him, they did not know but there might be somebody hard by, to own them. *Rawson* told them that there had been several Souldiers thereabout this Week a Hedghog-hunting, and and it may be (said he) some of them may have left them behind them.

After some further Discourse, *Rawson* agreed to go with the two men to the place, and if they found the things there, then *Rawson* was to give them a Shilling to drink, and was to take the things to his own House, till some body came thither to own them; and thereupon they went together to the place: When they came there they found only a Belt, and a Scabbard, and a pair of Gloves, but no Sword: which as *Rawson* was stooping to take up, he thought he saw something like a man in the Ditch hard by, and so going to the Ditch, there they saw a Man lying as they supposed upon his Belly, with a Sword run through him, and the point appearing about seven or eight Inches above his Back. Upon this they went immediately to the Church-warden of the Parish, to give him an account of it; but he being sick, sent them to *Mr. Brown*'s the Constable, who presently taking with him several Neighbours and House-keepers, went to the place where the Body lay, which was in a dry Ditch upon the South side of *Primrose-Hill*, about two Fields distant from the *White-house*: The Posture in which he lay was this, he had a Sword run into him, just under his left Pap, which came out upon the right side of his Back, about seven Inches, one of his hands being doubled under, on which he seemed to lean, the other hand lying upon the Bank; his Hair Camlet Coat being turn'd up over his head, his Hat and Periwig being among the Bushes over his head; but no Band nor Cravat could be found about him, although when he went from home, he he had a large Lac'd Band on.

The Constable and the rest that were with him, being about a dozen, having taken notice of the manner of his lying, caused him to be removed, and the Sword drawn out of his Body: concerning which Sword it is observable, that the point of it which came out at his Back was covered all over with Blood, and that part which was in his body was black, without any Blood upon it.

The Constable having caus'd the Body to be removed to the *White House*, and knowing it to be the Body of Sir *Edmondbury Godfrey*, he caused his Pockets to be searched, and found in one of them in one Paper Six Guineys, and in another Paper four broad Pieces of Gold, and a half Crown; and in the other Pockets two Rings, whereof one was a Diamond, one Guiney, and four pound in Silver, and two

small

small Pieces of Gold, and one Ring he had upon one of his fingers: His Pocket Book (in which he used to take notes of Examination) being only missing.

On *Friday* the 19th. of this instant, Mr. *Cooper* the Coroner of *Middlesex*, impannel'd a Jury at the *White-Horse* to inquire about the occasion of the Death of the said Sir *Edmondberry Godfrey*: and two Chyrurgiells (having been first Sworn) viewed the Body in the presence of the Coroner and the Jury, and found two wounds about it, which one of the Chyrurgions searched with his Probe, and found them of them not above an inch deep, the Probe going against one of his Ribs; but the other being a little below the left Pap, went quite thorow the Body: the Face also of a fresh colour, though in his life time very pale, found somewhat swelled, and a green circle about his Neck, as if he had been strangled, his blood being settled about his Neck, Throat, and the upper part of his Breast. The Chyrurgions having viewed the Body, delivered their Judgments, That the Wounds they found about him, were not the cause of his Death, but that he was suffocated before the Wounds were made. And though they fully perswade any person of the contrary, that there was not one drop of Blood to be found in the place where he lay, nor the least appearance of any there being, though the Ditch was dry, and it might have been easily seen if there had been any. Another thing was, That the very bottoms of the soles of his Shoes were as clean as if he had but just come out of his own Chamber, which was not when he was carried thither.

A third thing very remarkable, is, That on the 13th. day of October, (which is above the ground about the Body) he made a Will and two Boys, made a very little and narrow search in all parts of that Ground, for a Purse that was thought upon him, and Papers, but found no other thing about the dead Body, but Gloves, Stick, or other things about him.

Now because several Reports have gone abroad, scandalizing the Memory of this Worthy Deceased Knight, as though he had been difingenuous about some Moneys owing by him to the Parish, and upon that account should make himself away. The Relator thinks good to testifie to the World, That to his own knowledge Sir *Edmondberry* lent the Parish above 300 *l.* without Interest, a good part of which is yet unpaid; so palpable an untruth it is, that some wicked persons have spread abroad about him. But it is no wonder that those Inhumane Wretches that have taken away his life, should go also about to blast his Reputation.

One thing more I cannot omit to mention, having received it from the mouth of one of the late Church Wardens of the Parish where he liv'd, which is, That Sir *Edmondberry* not long ago gave him an Hundred Pounds to bestow upon such poor People in the Parish as he knew were in want: Neither was that the first time that Sir *Edmondberry* had imployed him in works of that nature, having often made him the distributer of his Charity, because he did not desire the Applause of Men for it. This without all doubt proceeded from so remarkable and so sincere a piety, That though it may be commended, I am afraid it will scarce be imitated.

Now we shall only make these Remarks on the same, that in his Preamble *Nat. Tomson* tells you, That he had here Printed the true Relation, to prevent false and surreptitious Stories that are usually carried about about things of this nature. If you believe him now, and what he impudently avers, he then was an egregious Liar before, when he Printed and Published this Narrative.

But besides that Sir *Edmondberry Godfreys* Death was then the sad occasion of his Narrative, and is now become his Ridicule. The whole Relation under his hand confounds and contradicts his Letters to *France*, which he has impudently promised to justifie, [*auri sacra fames!*] what will not wretches do for *Guineys*? But observe farther, in his Impartial and True Narrative, as he calls it himself, he tells you, that his Face was fresh coloured, and somewhat swell'd, and a green Circle about his Neck, as if he had been strangled, and the blood settled about his Neck and Throat, and the upper part of his Breast; and that it was the Judgment of the Chyrurgions that he was

suffocated

suffocated, and that the Wounds were not the cause of his Death. All which was Truth; and as he then himself said, that as an Evidence of that Truth, there was not one drop of blood found in the Ditch, though the Ditch were dry, page 76 and might easily have been seen if there had been any: yet this very same Person, now gives himself the Lie, and tells you of Lots of blood found about him and in the Ditch, as you may see in his Letter to Mr. Evans. Sure he had forgot what he had before Published concerning this thing, or he thought every body else had about it, which in the next place concerning his Shoes, which he says in the Letter to France were full of Grass Seeds, which proved he had gone thither himself, the vanity and ill Contrivance of which has already been observed, and that it could not be at that time of the Year, but the Thompsons tells you, Page 7. sure you will believe him'self, That it was an evident sign that he was carried thither, because the bottom of his Soles were as clean as if he had but just come out of his own Chamber. And then that he should have lain there from the time he was missing, as this Thompson would prove, in saying, the corners of his Eyes and Mouth were full of Worms, which was a palpable Lye and ill contriv'd, considering the time of the Year, he contradicts that himself in this Narrative, and tells you Page 7. That the Ground was narrowly searched on Tuesday for a Calf, and that then no dead body lay in the Ditch, nor any Belt, Gloves, Stick, or the like to be seen.

Lastly, I observe how zealous he then was to vindicate this Knights Honour and Reputation, which he would now take away; for he says, that some false Reports have gone abroad tending to the dishonour of the Deceased Knight, as if being discontented, he should have made himself away, and Page 8. so palpable an untruth it is, that those wicked wretches have spread abroad about him, but 'tis no wonder that those inhumane wretches that have taken away his Life, (mark that) should go about to blast his Reputation, but what a Wretch is this Thompson now become, to contradict himself, and give himself the Lie under his own hand, and impudently go about to justifie those false Reports which he then so much condemned.

The Relator thinks good to tell the VVorld, That to his own knowledge Sir Edmondbury left the Parish above 300 l. without Interest, a good part of which is yet unpaid, (a palpable an untruth it is, that some wicked persons have spread abroad about him. But it is no wonder that those inhumane VVretches that have taken away his life, should go also about to blast his Reputation.

One thing more I cannot omit to mention, having received it from the mouth of one of the late Church VVardens of the Parish where he liv'd, which is, That Sir Edmondbury not long ago gave him an Hundred Pounds to bestow upon such poor People in the Parish as he knew were in want: Neither was that the first time that Sir Edmondbury had employed him in works of that nature, having often made him the distributer of his Charity, because he did not desire the Applause of Men for it. This without all doubt proceeded from to reasonable and to laudable a piety, That though it may be commended, I am afraid it will scarce be imitated.

Now we shall only make their Remarks on the same, that in his Pretended Narrative, and is now become his Ridicule. The whole Relation under his hand contrasts and contradicts his Letters to France, which he has impudently promised to publish [more fully] what will not wretches do for Money? But observe further, in his Impartial and True Narrative, as he calls it himself, he tells you, that his Face was much coloured, and somewhat swell'd, and a green Circle about his Neck, as if he had been strangled, and the blood fixed about his Neck and Throat, and the upper part of his Breast, and that it was the Judgment of the Chirurgions that he was

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